SIX DAYS TOUR

IN

NORMANDY,

FROM

The 19th to the 25th of JULY, 1789;

WITH

A SHORT ACCOUNT

OF

HAVRE DE GRACE, CAEN, AND CHERBOURG,

THE

Popular Tumults at thoſe Places,

&c. &c. &c.

LONDON:

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M DCC LXXXIX.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THESE letters were meant to have been publiſhed as ſoon as the Author returned from his excurſion, for the immediate information of his friends—They have been delayed in the preſs by an accident, by which ſomewhat of their novelty is loſt—and the

Editor

Editor is the more concerned at the delay, as it happened after the greater part of the ſheets were printed off, by which an opportunity of farther reviſing them was loſt.

DEAR

A TOUR, &c.

DEAR SIR,

THE memorandum I promiſed you of the jaunt we were forming on *Monday* laſt after dinner, was not meant to include any thing but what occurred from our quitting the *Britiſh* ſhore, until our return to it;—You will therefore conſider as entirely gratuitous my telling you, that we

dined with Colonel *M*——, at *Portſmouth*, and that he expects your going to ſee him on your return from the Weſt, with much impatience; That all our other friends there are entirely well, and equally anxious for your arrival amongſt them. All this I do not deſpair but I might have an opportunity of telling you at *Weymouth*, as your intended time of being there ſuits ſo nearly with my return, which I mean if poſſible, to make by that Port. But it is deſirable to be expected, as it is the next thing to being wiſhed for; and who would not be happy in the thoughts of being

ing wiſhed for by the friends I have alluded to.

Allons donc!—At 10 on *Friday* night the 17th, we went on board at the Point—the veſſel was of about 20 tons, and "the cabin was convenient." A freſh gale blew, and was fair, which encouraged us to hope we might ſee the *French* ſhore the next morning; but before ſun-riſe, the breeze fell, and kept dying away till mid-day, when there was again a ripple on the water, ending in a dead calm. Circumſcribed in point of time, how provoking ſuch an outſet! *C.* unuſed to

loſs of time, grew impatient:—*Cui bono*:—he had been laughing at my having brought a dozen of books, or thereabouts, but very contentedly turned them all over in extenuation of his *ennui*. We then bathed, and ſhot at *Willicks* and *Mackarel Birds*; The *Willick* is a brown bird, like a duck, but not quite ſo large, and with a ſharper beak. The ſailors told us; it may be ſo affected by fright if you halloo, or ſhout, or rattle on the ſide of the boat, or make any other noiſe, that it can neither dive nor fly, but will ſuffer you to take it up with your hand out of the water.

The

The *Mackarel bird*, is about the ſize of a large ſwallow, has a white body and black wings, and flies ſkimming, as a ſwallow does. It wounds the fiſh, and diſables it from eſcaping, and afterwards eats it at its leiſure. This was the account the ſailors gave us ; and from the bird's way of proceeding ſeemed likely enough to be true ; for they, as well as the *Willick*, would dive under water, while you might count from fifteen to twenty, and riſe from twenty to one hundred yards from where they diſappeared.

A very ſlender breeze carried us

on ſlowly, not a knot an hour ; but while day light laſted, we looked as vainly as eagerly for the coaſt of *France*. The ſun ſet in all its pride and glory preciſely at eighteen minutes paſt eight, preſenting images of towers, cities, battlements, woods, groves, and rivers, even to us; and to the rich exuberant imagination of Shakeſpeare, would have ſhewn all that nature or art can furniſh of ſublime or beautiful.

This ſplendid ſight ſeemed equal in effects, varieties, and tranſitions, to the *Fata Morgana*, deſcribed by *Swinburne*; but though it rivalled

the exhibition of the *Italian* Seas, I muſt leave to our learned friends whether it could have any claim to derive from ſimilar cauſes; the neareſt land to us, and toward the ſetting of the ſun, being the iſle of Purbeck; at too great a diſtance for us to believe thoſe appearances in the ſky were produced from the reflection of any objects on the land; nor are there any bituminous vapours in our Seas to aſſiſt in their formation, as in the Sea of *Calabria*.*

During our lingering courſe in the

* See Swinburne's Sicily, vol. i. p. 365.

multitude of revolving reflections, that of the ſcarcity of bread in *France* could not but preſent itſelf, and I began to feel a ſuffuſion upon my own face, when I ſaw the comely one of our friend *C*——, on the bench oppoſite to me—It ſtruck me that on our landing, the meagre *Frenchmen* might juſtly enough ſay—ſurely the country from which that man comes might have ſpared us a little bread in our diſtreſs—And I began to hope the news of our refuſal to grant the aſked-for ſupply, had not reached that part of *France*; as unleſs it could be juſtified upon the moſt abſolute and ſpecific, as well

well as a mere preſent political expediency ariſing from a proſpect only of a contingent future neceſſity, I ſhould have been aſhamed to have borne the exterior appearance of an *Engliſhman* after ſo recent a dereliction on the part of thoſe delegated to act for us, of that benificence which has ever actuated the *Engliſh*, as a nation, and as individuals, from ſteadineſs of principle, and uniform rectitude of character—and which among numberleſs inſtances, ſhewed itſelf ſo eminently upon the earthquake in *Liſbon*, when the Houſe of Commons voted 100,000l. for the relief of the ſufferers; and

the

the King went immediately down to the Houſe to give the Royal Aſſent to the Bill. This might be a ſtroke of policy (as a friend of our's ſaid the other day) but it was the beſt of policy, a humane, a generous and honourable one, and will to the lateſt poſterity redound to the honour of the patrons of the meaſure. The giving bread and proviſions to the *French* in *Canada* in 1760, or 1761, is another never to be forgotten trait of the true *Engliſh* character, where the ſame hand in the inſtant of completing a conqueſt, was ſtretched forth to ſave and ſupport the ſubdued—While on this

this ſubject, I cannot but remind you of a ſtory, you have heard me ſpeak of, as being frequently related by my brother of his noble *Norfolk* friend before he went to *Ireland*—where the goodneſs——

But a truce with theſe grave reflections for though I am zealous for the honor of the *Engliſh*, you know me to be *unwilling to ſpeak ill of the rulers of the people*; holding *that*, in equal veneration with the *twin maxim* of *Gamaliel*'s diſciple: *To ſubmit one's ſelf to the powers that be*.—Which, upon this of the requeſt from *France* for bread, as well

well as upon moſt other occaſions, lead me to look to the propriety of the latent motive, in extenuation of an apparently improper meaſure.

As to the matter of fact of the ſcarcity of bread in *France*—you ſhall hear more anon.

We had given up our intention of landing at *Feſcamp*, I notwithſtanding wiſhed to ſee, if poſſible, the cliff up which *Bois Roſé* aſcended in ſo very extraordinary a manner with his fifty men in their

Harry

Harry the Fourth's time; * This however was denied us, for we fell in with the land to the weſtward of

* The reader will not be diſpleaſed at the following account of this moſt extraordinary exploit.

After this place was taken by *Biron* from the league—A gentleman of the garriſon, *Bois Roſé*, a man of uncommon genius and reſolution, laid a moſt extraordinary plan indeed for retaking it.—He contrived that two ſoldiers entirely attached to him ſhould be received as part of the garriſon.—That ſide of the fort next the ſea, is a rock, as *Sully* ſays, 600 feet high *(I am however aſſured it is not ſo much as* 300.*)* The ſea waſhes the foot of it inceſſantly at a depth of about twelve feet, except on four or five days in the year, when during ebb tide the ſea leaves the foot of this ſteep rock dry for about three or four hours, and thirty or forty yards of the ſand.—*Bois Roſé* ever intent on his object, doubted not but to gain the fort by this inacceſſible part.—He concerted a ſignal

of it. The ſhore is bold; and between this and *Cape Antifer*, but particularly between that and *Havre de*

ſignal with the two ſoldiers, and one of them was continually to watch on the top of the rock when the tide was out. *Bois Roſé* one very dark night came with fifty choſen reſolute ſoldiers, and landed with two ſloops at the foot of the rock.—He was furniſhed with a huge cable (as long as the heighth of the rock) having ſhort ſticks paſſed through it to climb by. The ſoldier had waited the ſignal for near ſix months, and had no ſooner heard it, than he threw down the precipice a cord, to which thoſe below tied the cable, which was thereby hauled up and fixed to an embraſure. *Bois Roſé* ſent up firſt two ſerjeants he could rely on, and after them the other forty eight with their arms and weapons tied to their bodies—himſelf went laſt, to take from the tardy all hope of retreat. Which indeed ſoon became impoſſible, for before they were half-way up, the tide having riſen ſix or ſeven feet had carried away the boats,

de Grace preſented many pictureſque ſpots of hills adorned with woods, and ſheep feeding on a very fine verdure that overſpread them.

boats, and floated the bottom end of the cable;—how frightful the conſideration! fifty men ſo ſuſpended in utter darkneſs on ſo fragile a machine, when the treachery of one of the ſoldiers above, or a panic of any one of the fifty might precipitate the whole into the water, or daſh them upon the rocks;—this had nearly happened, for the firſt ſerjeant told his companion his heart failed him, he could go no farther:—*Bois Roſé* hearing this through the reſt, did not heſitate, but paſt over the backs of the forty-nine, and words having no effect on the poor fellow, he drove him on by pricking him with his poniard in the reins, threatening to ſtab and throw him into the ſea.—At length by break of day they were all on the top of the rock, and the two ſoldiers let them into the fort, where they began by maſſacring the centinels without mercy, and ſuch of the ſleeping ſoldiers, as on being awakened attempted reſiſtance,

The maſter of our boat was unwilling to go ſo far up with the veſſel as to land us on the key, being fearful of having charges to pay at the port to the amount of 3l. 10s.—and had then other apprehenſions on account of a ſmall quantity of ſalt he had on board; but paſſing under the ſtern of a *Whitehaven* collier, the anſwers we received from the cuſtom-houſe officer on board her, relieved his anxiety—and in our own ſkiff we went up to the ſtairs. We were a good deal ſurprized to ſee the walk before

ance, and were ſpeedily in poſſeſſion of the fort, *See Mem. de Sully*, ii. *Liv.* 6. V1 P267

the

the centry-box occupied by a young man in no reſpect of a ſoldier-like appearance but from his firelock and cockade. He was a Bourgeois: and rowing under the pier, we ſaw the relief coming down; it conſiſted alſo of Bourgeois, in number about ſixteen or twenty men. In walking up the pier towards the gates, we met more of the citizens in arms. At the door of the hotel to which we were directed, we were addreſſed by three or four officers in the uniform of the French marine (blue with red edge and the anchor on a gilt button), who perceiving us to be Engliſhmen juſt

arriving, ſaid with conſiderable emphaſis, *Felicitez nous Meſſieurs! nous ſommes libres comme vous*—and then went on to relate the news that had arrived the night before from *Paris* of the inſurrection there, the deſtruction of the Baſtile, the beheading of the Governor, and the acquieſcence of the King with the propoſitions of the *Tiers Etats*. The full particulars of which, as they muſt have reached *London* by the time we got to *Havre*, it will be needleſs for me to recapitulate here.

The *Engliſh* Hotel is kept by one *White*, a clever active *Engliſhman*; his houſe was ſo entirely full that he could

could not receive us; but with great alacrity attended us to the next beſt inn, the Hotel de L'Empereur. Our friend *C*——, who had never been in *France* before, was a good deal entertained with the conſequentially civil impertinence of the *Garçon*, (waiter), who when I aſked him what we could have for dinner, tucked the napkin under his arm, ſtrutted in long ſtrides acroſs the room, and ſeemed to twiſt the anſwer out of his mouth, with his forefinger and thumb, *Monſi nous avons de la ſoupe & du bouilli.* This was one of the characters of ample ſtore for Sterne. Our friſeur was

another. I aſked him if he was for the Tiers Etats—*Ah! ça! Monſieur, je ſuis toujours pour le Roi!* But, ſays I, you will have your liberty now! *Ah! ça Monſieur, ça ne nous a pas encore eté ravi.*

When our friend the waiter laid the cloth, at each ſerviette, he laid a good handſome *French* brick—Ah! ah! ſaid I—*Vous avez du pain ici—Ah! que oui Monſieur*, ſaid he, *En Voila:—De quel Prix eſt ceci?* ſaid I, *Six ſous Monſieur:—& de quel Prix etoit il, trois mois paſſés?--Cinq ſous Monſieur.* Before and during dinner time we were frequently called to the balcony,

balcony, by the beat of a drum, or other noiſes in the ſtreet—parties of the bourgeoiſie of various numbers, ſizes, and conditions, parading and marching through the ſtreet, were the occaſions of theſe noiſes—and once, a Courier du Roi was eſcorted by four of the armed populace to the Commandant's—and in about a quarter of an hour, was eſcorted back to the Poſt-office under the ſame guard. After dinner, we walked out; paſſing the great church, we entered it—It was very much crouded indeed—Having ſtaid the ſervice out, we went out of the north-gate, or porte d'Ingouville,

which is a beautiful doric ſtructure; to the eaſtward of which a large dock, or baſon, is forming;—No entrance to it, nor any acceſs can be had from the preſent harbour; but we were told, that one was intended to be cut acroſs the upper end of the preſent town. On aſcending the hill, to the north-weſt of the town, we perceived a conſiderable portion of ground laid out beyond the projected baſon in foundations, for propoſed additional buildings—between the gate of *Ingouville*, and the riſe of the hill, to the village of that name a diſtance of about three quarters of a mile, there were many little cabarets,

rets, and guinguets—with little ſhews and other objects of entertainment—and alſo, what they told us was *Le Vauxhall*, a good ſmart looking garden, with a good houſe adjoining. The walk in fine dry weather may be very pleaſant, but in this rainy ſeaſon, it is as miry as *Grays-inn-lane* was formerly; Notwithſtanding which, many really well dreſſed, pretty women, were picking their way, ſeemingly as much to their own ſatisfaction, as to our's. The hill is as ſteep, and not unlike that of *Cliefden* from *Briſtol*; the buildings are inferior, though as numerous—from the top of it there

is a beautiful view of the ſea to the weſtward, and of the town and the *Seine* beyond it to the ſouthward—Here, as about all the environs of almoſt all the towns I have lately ſeen, new houſes and new grounds are laying out. Wheat was growing and in a very thriving way in ſeveral parts about the hill: there was alſo a good deal of hemp; this was chiefly cut down.

On our return through the town gates, a poor man was going out with a large loaf in his hands—two or three Bourgeois well dreſſed were upon guard, one of them ſtopt him;

Il ne faut pas paſſer avec du pain.—He ſaid, he had bought it? They ſaid, *n'importe*; and taking it from him delivered it into the guard room, while another perſon, likewiſe well dreſſed, and who ſeemed to ſtand there for that purpoſe, took out his purſe to pay him for his bread. At the ſame inſtant almoſt, happened a ſimilar incident, attended with ſimilar circumſtances. The guard would not ſuffer any of the people to gather at the gate, to form a croud, but ſaid to thoſe who ſtopt, *Avancez! Avancez! Meſſieurs—Il ne faut pas reſter ici.*—They did not however moleſt us, as we bowed upon coming

ing in, and kept gently on, looking at the buildings and objects around, merely with the uninterfering curioſity of ſtrangers.

We learnt that there were 400 of the regular troops in *Havre de Grace*, and that nearly 1600 of the town's people were in arms. That two or three days before, a veſſel had come from *Cherbourg* with an officer of artillery or engineers on board, and a detachment of men, to take poſſeſſion of the cannon, and convey it to Paris, to be uſed againſt the people. This I cannot but think muſt have been merely a conjecture,

jecture, as the large ordnance could not have been thought of for ſuch a purpoſe. It is more probable, that they, and ſtill more probable that the field train (if any,) were to be taken away to Cherbourg to prevent their being made uſe of by the embodied Bourgeoiſie.

The people of *Havre* however, upon the veſſel's approach, fired upon her from the round tower at the harbour's mouth, and would not ſuffer them to execute the buſineſs they came upon, whatever it might be.

Having

Having been full thirty-ſix hours on the paſſage, and thereby been deprived of twenty-four hours of the ten days we had allotted, as the utmoſt extent of our ſtay, and hearing that there had been conſiderable commotions at *Rouen*; from which, although we apprehended no danger to ourſelves, they might notwithſtanding prevent our readily obtaining conveyances, if not ſtop us entirely, we determined to croſs to *Honfleur* (three leagues) the next morning;—this being determined on, we went down to *White's*, who exchanged our *Engliſh* guineas for twenty-ſix livres each, a greater price

price than I ever got before, for in 1783 *Deſſein* gave me only about 24 *livres* 10 *ſous* for every guinea; and in 1785 at *Dunkirk* I received but 25 *livres* from a very reſpectable merchant, who I am ſure gave me the full value.

Here we met with Mr. *W*—— to whom I had an introduction, he told me that the Abbé *Dicquemart* your valuable old correſpondent was dead; —This piece of intelligence was a ſad damp upon my intended antiquarian reſearches;—as I had laid great ſtreſs upon the aſſiſtance and

inſtructions

inſtructions of ſo able an antiquary, ſo long a reſident of Normandy.

Mr. *W*—— is a very ſenſible intelligent man, and we were engaging in an intereſting converſation upon the troubles, the ſcarcity of corn, &c. when we were interrupted by *White's* coming in haſtily to tell us, that if we ſtaid till the next morning at *Havre*, we ſhould not get away from *Honfleur* the next night, on account of the tide, which would prevent our croſſing the *Touque* (a river in our way); and that if we went from *Havre* that evening we muſt go inſtantly.

—A

—A loſs of another day after that we had already loſt at ſea was not to be thought of;—we therefore ran away to our Hotel, paid our bill, in which there was a charge of *a livre* for bread, and having agreed to pay three crowns (or eighteen livres) for our boat to *Honfleur*, embarked, and arrived thither a little before nine.—As there was little or no wind, the three men were obliged to row, and for the laſt league, a hard pull they had, the tide running with great force and ſtrength indeed.—The navigation of this river is very dangerous, on account of the many

ſunken

ſunken rocks and ſands, the chief of which, however, are pointed out by marks. At the entrance of the town is a large hoſpital, under the walls of which we paſſed.—The general appearance of the *Seine* from *Havre* hither reſembles *Southampton* water, — the ſides being much wooded; here and there are gentlemen's houſes;—one of which, a good handſome one, was an Engliſhman's, but they ſay here, it is Count *Laraguais.*

A mile ſhort of *Honfleur* is a chapel to *Notre Dame*, of which our cockſwain told us much, but in ſuch

ſuch jargon of *Norman French* with a pipe in his mouth, that we could not underſtand him. We remarked to him however, that he did not take off his hat in paſſing it:—he ſighed out aſſent, but that he was notwithſtanding, *Bon Catholique, Apoſtolique, et Romain.* On our left hand was *Harfleur*, the ſeat of the firſt exploit of our glorious *Henry V.* We regretted our want of time to viſit this intereſting ſpot to *Engliſhmen.* From what we could diſcern with our glaſſes, it is well ſituated by the river ſide, ſcreened from the north by the hills; the church has a beautiful lofty ſpire, and about midway up the hill a very

fine houſe is erecting of ſtone for a merchant of *Havre*:—ſo much for the trade of *Havre*. Surely the afflicting flux which ravaged the glorious *Henry's* army muſt have proceeded from the conſequences of a wet ſummer like this;—bad fruit, bad grain, and meat of cattle impoveriſhed or rotted by feeding on a ruined herbage.—I walked out to the key while ſupper was getting ready, and was much diverted with ſeeing from ſixteen to twenty ſailors dancing hand in hand in a ring backwards and forwards to their own ſinging.—There is a good ſtable of about thirty horſes here all of the true Norman-breed, which is

a good

a good deal like the Spaniſh gennet, as deep cheſted, rather ſhorter truſſed, and their limbs and ſinews better knit and ſtronger. They are not in general more than fourteen hands and a half, very vigorous, full of ſpirit, and in the higheſt condition.—In the morning we went about the town;—it is old, large, and dirty, there are two large baſons in which were many ſhips, a few large ones in one of them, but particularly a fine one for the *Gold Coaſt*, in which the governor and his family were ſoon to take their paſſage. There is a manufacture here for linen, one for hoſiery, and another

for hats ;—we had not time to ſee any of theſe ;—but the makers of lace ſitting three or four together at their doors, could not eſcape our notice ;—the lace was coarſe and did not ſeem cheap. *Honfleur* is the *depot* for ſalt for the towns on the *Seine* ;—the churches are not remarkable for their architecture, but much ſo for their dirtineſs, their bad pictures, and bad ſtatues ; —enough you will ſay of *Honfleur.* So as the chaiſe or voiture is nearly ready, I will conclude with telling you that the town was quiet laſt night, but the men are now aſſembling by beat of drum,—from the

window

window they ſeem numerous, but have no arms.—The inhabitants are about 9000 —Our charge for bread and one bottle of cider was eighteen ſous *French*, at ſupper, and ſix ſous for bread at breakfaſt; the cyder was bad;—the burgundy very good at two ſhillings and one penny *Engliſh*, a bottle.—Adieu.

Honfleur, 20*th July*, 1789.

P. S.

To give you an inſtance of the bigotted though laudable partiality of this people for *Henry* Quatre;—let me tell you, that at the corner of a ſtreet there is fixed againſt a houſe

a large buſt evidently of *Louis* XIV. in a great wig ;—a pretty young woman looking out of a window cloſe to this buſt, I aſked her of whom it was ;—*C'eſt de* Henri *le Grand, Monſi*, ſaid ſhe—*Mais* (ſaid I) Henri *Quatre n'a jamais porté perruque* —*C'a ne fait rien Monſi*, ſaid ſhe—*C'eſt de* Henri *Quatre je vous dis* ; in which aſſertion ſhe was ſupported by an old woman who came to the window on hearing us talk, and by two or three people who had collected during the very ſhort period of our converſation.

LETTER

LETTER II.

WHEN we were well ſeated in our voiture, the poſtillion *cracquoit fort et dur le fouet*, and off we ſet with his three prancing horſes, at nearly three quarters ſpeed up the hill, to *La Rue a Dive*— which was narrow and ill paved, and our noiſe, and the apprehenſions of being run over, put to flight ſundry of the lace-making girls,— who with their cuſhions before them took to their heels and their

houſes—we at laſt got upon the ſands—upon which we ſoon found we were to coaſt, to within a ſhort diſtance of *Dive*;—and here I had ample reaſon and ample leiſure to reprehend my fellow travellers for their determined haſte to quit *Havre* for *Honfleur* on Sunday night; for *Dive* is on the weſtern ſide of the *Seine*, and ſome miles more to ſea-ward than *Havre*, and the boat which the tide was eternally repelling with all its might *from Honfleur*, would by the ſame, or any outgoing tide have been haſtened to *Dive*—a poſt town, all in our way. We ſhould then have ſpent a good

and

and quiet day at *Havre*, where much was to be ſeen, and people well able and well inclined to inform us —inſtead of which we paſſed an afternoon tugging againſt tide to *Honfleur*, a place totally unworthy of compariſon with *Havre* as to itſelf or it's environs, and where we knew not a ſoul ;—and luckily ; for few ſouls there ſeemed worth knowing—add to this our ride of 3½ *poſtes*, near twenty miles, at an unneceſſary expence of both time and money, over a flat ſand, worſe than from *Dunkirk* to *Oſtend*—with a reaſonable chance, if not at the very nick of the tide, of being over-

ſet

ſet in croſſing the *Touque*, which runs ſo rapidly, that ſhallow as it was when we croſſed, we were forced to have a *Norman* fellow as big as *William* the Conqueror to ſtand upon the ſhaft, on the ſtream ſide, to prevent our upſetting—this gave me a good opportunity of inculcating to them a travelling maxim I always practiſe, when alone, or when the wilful wits I travel with will permit me, viz. Whenever I get into a town, to learn as accurately as poſſible in the firſt place, how I can beſt get out of it, towards the place I would go next;—and having ſettled this point—I know the time

remaining

remaining, and can diſpoſe of it to the moſt advantage or amuſement. As they looked very grave, I hope they will profit by the leſſon.

The road along the ſands was in general good, but ſometimes, we had fifty or a hundred yards of very rugged, rocky, ſtony way, and eſpecially within a league of *Dive*, where we encountered the *Vaches Noires*, a range of rocks of ſuch a form, as, that at high water thoſe on the high ſummit of the ſhore, appear like herds of black cattle feeding; and at low water, the ſame appearance is aſſumed by thoſe lay-

ing

ing in great numbers on the ſands, which extend far away to ſeaward, dreadful and dangerous to mariners.

Dive to the South Weſt of *Havre de Grace*, is an inconſiderable place, through which there is a traffick for cyder and perry, into the lower *Normandy*, by means of flat-bottomed barges. How terrific was the very name of flat-bottomed boat when I was at ſchool, and how glorious we thought it of Rodney to burn them all—*Apropos* of that event, our jolly cockſwain told us he was at *Havre* when it was bombarded, and that one ſhell

fell

fell upon the altar of the great church, and lay there without doing any harm, till it was removed. We aſked him if he had ſeen it there, he ſaid NO—did he know any body that had ſeen it?—He ſaid, NO, but that every body believed it was true. In this ſtretch of his faith, he ſeemed to have exhauſted every other idea of religion.

On the ſandy plain before our paltry inn there were three or four hillocks, which ſeemed to be *Barrows*, I aſked the landlord what thoſe were—he ſaid—*a paitre les vaches, & les cochont*—I ſaid I ſuppoſed that

to

to be the purpoſe of the land, but that in my country we looked upon thoſe hillocks, as the burial places of perſons who had formerly invaded us, and perhaps thoſe might be ſuch. *Nani Moſi*, ſaid he, *Car il n'ya aucun ſi hardi d'y paroitre.* The cyder here was good; and ſo was the claret at one livre, ten ſous, or fifteen pence *Engliſh* per bottle.

From *Dive* our voiture was rather better, but our horſes not quite ſo good, as thoſe from *Honfleur*, which really were excellent. We began now to riſe into the country; in

in general it was flat, and our way lay through open fields of wheat, rye, barley and oats, but chiefly of the former. The grain was in a better ſtate than could well be expected at ſo late a time in ſo bad a ſeaſon, and bore a promiſing appearance of plenty—It was beaten down a little, and but a little, in two or three places. The roads here are ſometimes very good; more frequently rugged, and with very little *pavé* any where—Within a league of *Caen* we were ſtopped by three drunken fellows, with great ſticks in their hands, and cockades in their hats, who ſpluttered ſomething about

Tiers

Tiers Etats. They were juſt ſuch varlets, as in *England*, we ſhould have thraſhed for their impudence, or had taken into cuſtody for moleſting the poſtillion on his way; He was for driving over them, and began to exerciſe his whip upon them; but we called out to him to be careful, and to them too, and they left us; about a mile farther, we were again ſtopped in the ſame way, and got on again after few words. We now approached *Caen*, and had gone but a few yards in the town before we were ſtopped by about a dozen people, the moſt active of whom, a little humpbacked beau

in

in a light blue coat laid hold of the *bigor*, and ſtruck at the other horſes with a huge cane; the reſt tho' they called to the poſtillion to ſtop, called to little *Aſmodeus* to keep himſelf quiet. They collected about us, all talking together; and at length, finding us very civil, ſhewed us a printed paper, declaring that the people of *Caen* meant to meet the next morning at eleven, at the church of *St. Pierre* to hear maſs, as a teſt of their fidelity to the cauſe of the *Tiers Etats*. We told them we were *Engliſhmen*, but juſt come into *France*; that all *Engliſhmen* were fond of liberty; and

that though we were not able to judge of the unhappy diſturbances we ſaw in *France*, we were very ſorry for them, and did not doubt but what they were about to do was perfectly right, and wiſhed them ſucceſs in it. This ſatisfied them ſo well, that they took off from us the virulent little blue viper, who had got upon the ſhafts and was opening the chaiſe—ſo far, ſo good, and on we went—but for a hundred yards further only, and that with great circumſpection, the croud being too thick (wide as the ſtreet was) for them to make way for us. *Nous voila*, had the man not cracked his whip, I believe we might have

crept

crept on without active interruption, but his jargon excited the croud, and they laid hold of the harneſs, the wheels, the horſes, the poſtillion and his jack boots—and a dreadful *tintamarre* there was; they were again for opening the chaiſe; but upon our repeating what we had ſaid at the former ſtop—remonſtrating with them alſo, that it would be cruel to moleſt ſtrangers who were going quietly on their way; and requeſting only to know what they would have us to do or to ſay; as many as could croud forward to utter a word, began to talk, and after harranguing and intreating for about ten minutes,

we were ſuffered to depart, but not without firſt crying VIVE LE ROI & LA NATION & LES TIERS ETATS, and *paying our fees*—viz. about ſix livres for four cockades for our hats and the poſtillion's, now, poor fellow! frighted and humbled enough. The High-ſtreet, in which we were, is long and broad, and we met with ſeveral ſtoppages from large bodies of people going from place to place, with men of ſeemingly conſiderable conſequence among them, and all with cockades in their hats; we were afterwards told that they had forced the *Duc d'Harcourt*, the Governor of the Province, and even

the

the *King* at *Paris*, to bear one of theſe cockades in their hats.

This forcing upon all perſons the popular mark of diſtinction, one would think is peculiarly *French*; neither the rioters in *London* of 1780, nor thoſe in any of the *Middleſex* election mobs, twenty years ago, violent and outrageous as they were, exerted their power that way, but kept their blue cockades to themſelves. It is remarkable in the hiſtory of the unfortunate *Charles* the Sixth, that in the contentions between him, the *Dauphin*, and the Duke of *Burgundy*; the populace after having then alſo made them-

ſelves maſters of the Baſtile, obliged the *King* and the *Dauphin* to wear the *chaperon* or *white cap*, which they had aſſumed as the badge of their party, and the *King* went ſo (wearing the *chaperon)* to the aſſembly of the *Notables*, which then, as at this time, were called together.

At length we got to the *Hotel de Victoire—vis a vis St. Pierre*, and happy we were to alight:—having ſettled about our rooms and ſupper, we walked out, and returned to the very end of the high-ſtreet we had before paſſed through, giving way quietly to every croud and oppoſition, of every ſort.

The

The roll was calling by that time we got to the main barracks; which are near the entrance of the town, they are large, ſpacious, and handſomely built of ſtone.

We ſaw no Bourgeois in arms, till on our return, when there was a croud about the hotel of a Monſ. *F*—, and a guard fixed of five or ſix men of the Bourgeois. There were guards notwithſtanding, of the military at the barracks, hoſpital, the Commandant's and other places. After our return, I again walked through two or three ſtreets alone, and went into a bookſeller's, and two or three

other ſhops, and though crouds were running about, they moleſted me not.

The next morning was ſultry, and threatened rain and thunder; we went to the abbey of St. *Etienne*; it is a fine building, in general, well deſcribed by Dr. *Ducarel* in his Tour of *Normandy*; but in the very ſhort time we had to ſpare, we could not make obſervations with that accuracy the ſubject merited; for this abbey is certainly a mine for an antiquary; but curſory however as our inſpection of it was, ſome errors were obvious in Dr. *Ducarel*'s

Ducarel's account; his firſt of 1754 being with me on the ſpot. In the firſt place, his recollection, or his materials, muſt have been much better than mine, to enable him to compare this church in any reſpect to the great church at St. *Alban*'s, which I have ſeen two or three times, and not being able to trace a reſemblance, I will not trouble you with attempting to deſcribe the difference.

His quotation of *Sandford* muſt without doubt be juſt; but as to the long Latin "epitaph upon the ground on a flat black marble," in the

the choir, placed there on the removal of the Conqueror's ſecond monument in 1742, I did not ſee it, and yet we looked for it—ſince he was there it may have been removed, but I *did ſee* the following inſcription, and copied it myſelf from a white marble on which it was written in black letters.

HIC SEPULTUS EST
INVICTISSIMUS
GULIELMUS
NORMANDIÆ DUX
ET ANGLIÆ REX
HUJUSCE DOMUS
CONDITOR
QUI OBIIT ANNO
M LXXXVII.

I am

I am rather inclined to believe the above is ſubſtituted for the epitaph cited by *Dr. Ducarel*, as there is not a doubt but that he ſaw it; and could there be a doubt, there is, moreover, *Tindal's* authority, it being inſerted in his continuation of RAPIN; for he goes on to ſay, "We ſaw no other epitaph in this "church." The above certainly could not have eſcaped Dr. *D*'s notice, had it been there when he was. At the altar are two very beautiful pieces of *Sienna* marble, one on each ſide of a very good *bas relief* of the death of *Chriſt*. The clock is indeed a moſt ſuperb one, but is in an odd place; viz. to the left

of

of the choir, and high above it. The galleries in the convent are long and broad; at the end of one of them was a balcony commanding an extenſive view; there were three or four *French* officers in it, and approaching them, I felt rather aſhamed of our cockades; but bows having paſſed, I ſaid to one of them, *vous voyez Monſieur comme nous ſommes reduits*, to which he replied, raiſing his ſhoulders, that *cela n'etoit qu'un bagatelle*; and we entered into converſation: *W—*, whoſe *French* from his long reſidence in *France* is to the full as rapid as his *Engliſh*, ſoon engaged all their attention: they ſpoke with great good ſenſe

and

and ſerioufneſs of the ſituation of the army; and ſaid with manlineſs and energy, that the army had been held together by a point, or a ſenſe of honor, which had retained in them an affection and attachment for their Monarch, as well as a regard for the ſervice; that the pay of a *French* officer, nor the emolument he had to expect, were of conſequence enough to influence a man; and that if that point of honour, *leur fut arraché*, (and they ſeemed to think it endangered by the preſent popular prooceedings) the ſervice would no longer be what it had formerly been.

From

From this balcony we could juſt ſee the immenſe croud aſſembled to hear maſs in the fields, to which they had adjourned, the great church being totally unequal to contain them.

We went from hence to the refectory, a good ſized room with about ſix large and horridly bad paintings in it; next to this is the *Salle aux Dames*: I forget whether this room is eliptical or circular, but there is a paſſage round the wall for the voice, as in the whiſpering gallery at *St. Paul's*; leſs diſtinct however for two reaſons; this having pilaſters in the centre and at the ends,

ends, which impede the ſound; and the place itſelf being prodigiouſly leſs than the whiſpering gallery.

The room in which is the picture of *William* the Conqueror or *Henry* VIII. as Dr. Ducarel mentions, is now much out of condition:—It will be difficult to ſay of whom this picture is;—in my opinion it is neither of *Le Duc Guillaume*, as they commonly call him here, nor of *Henry* VIII. nor can I ſee any reaſon to conjecture it to have been painted in the time of the latter, as the doctor does;—for though there is a collar to which is affixed an order, but too indiſtinct

to

to be diſcerned, the figure is without the garter on the knee, and I think all *Henry* VIII. portraits have it. In this place however, hurried in time, and without books or prints to apply to, conjecture and recollection are all one has to depend upon, and they are too vague to trouble you with any longer.

The large room paved with the tiles, on which are the coats of arms, ſuppoſed to be of ſome of the chiefs who accompanied the Conqueror is ſtill remaining; it is ſtill uſed as a granary, and is called *Le Grenier*, and not *Une Grange* as Dr. *Ducarel* has it.—A ſmall quantity of

of wheat only remained in a looſe heap on the floor, and could not be more than a few ſacks.—*C*—— examined it and ſaid it was very good; —the man who had the care of the room and the contents ſaid, that at *Michaelmas*, yearly, this place was in a great meaſure filled with grain, the produce of the lands of the abby;—that an appropriation was made of ſuch quantity as would be neceſſary for the conſumption of the houſe, and that the remainder was from time to time ſold to the public. Under this room there are two others, formed from one lofty one, in which an entreſol has been made, by which two ſtories or

floors have been made of what, we were told, were originally the ſtables of the abbey—they are like the buildings which are now ſtables at *Battle Abbey*, and the arches ſpring centrically from pillars in the ſame way.

The ſub-prior paſſed through the gallery while we were in the balcony with the officers;—ſome of them went to him and addreſſed him with particular reſpect, at which I was not ſurprized; for, diſguiſed as he was in his uncouth habit, I have ſeldom ſeen a more penetrating eye, a countenance of more benignity, or a deportment

more

more remarkably eaſy and gentleman like.

From this abbey (where, long as my detail has been, we were not much more than an hour) I will take you to it's gardens,—that for pleaſure is totally unpleaſant and out of order, and the kitchen garden deſerves no better deſcription; —the latter is about four acres.

On our return through the town we paſſed an open place where a very ſpacious pile of building is raiſing for the courts of juſtice, and ſome other public purpoſes, which

ſhews *Caen* to be of no ſmall conſequence as a city.

When we got to the central part of the town we found the people running about in much agitation, and we were told that two barrels of powder were miſſing from the town ſtore, which were ſuſpected to have been withdrawn as a beginning towards depriving them of their ammunition, and the commandant of the citadel was applied to, to reſtore it if there:—His anſwer was not a ſatisfactory one; and upon a great multitude of the people gathering towards the citadel

del and beginning to enter it;—he threatened to fire upon them.

This account we were hearing, when the alarm became general; they ran in crouds to the place where their great guard was held in the high ſtreet, crying out *aux armes, aux armes, tout le monde:* in a few minutes a great number marched paſt us, all with firelocks and bayonets fixed; and in about an hour we heard that they were in poſſeſſion of the citadel, no oppoſition having been made to their entrance; any oppoſition indeed muſt have been ineffectual: for though

the ſituation of the citadel is very ſtrong, there were no gates at all in any of the gateways, except a ſlight barrier of palliſadoes at the outermoſt, which half a dozen men might in a few minutes have ſhaken down with their ſhoulders. The draw-bridge was a narrow one, and but ſlight, and did not ſeem very ready to have anſwered an attempt to let it down, had ſuch an attempt been made.

Yet in this thing of a fortification are they going on with works on the upper ſide, which ſeems inacceſſible,

acceſſible, and are making a ſally port towards the country.

In the great ſquare there is a ſtatue of *Louis* XIV. that may have been a good one; but being cut in a very periſhable ſtone, is crumbled to almoſt a block; there are inſcriptions in the uſual pompous *French* ſtile, not worth copying except for their abſurdity.

At the corner of this place paſſed us a man dreſſed in a ſcarlet coat with blue facings and cuffs, like the frock of a ſerjeant of the guards: I aſked a ſhoe-maker what that man was;

he and his two journey-men and the apprentice who were at work on the bench with him, all began to tell me together, that *c'eſt un de nos ſergens*; I begged to hear the maſter only; and he ſaid that every man in *Caen* was a ſoldier, and called out to exerciſe in turn; and that theſe ſerjeants employed on or in readineſs for ſervice, were always in pay; (as the adjutants of our militia;) he told me moreover that there were arms in a magazine for all this militia.

From this deſcription I began to entertain

entertain a more reſpectable opinion of the armed populace in *France*.

Before we ſat down to dinner, a poor wretch was hurried with great violence paſt our hotel towards the priſon, whither the mob were conveying him for having uttered ſome curſes *a la façon Francoiſe*, againſt the *Tiers Etats*; three fellows had him by the hair, and lugged him along, he ſhrinking, and yet getting on the beſt he could, ſo as to keep upon his feet, and not be dragged entirely by the hair.

Imitators

Imitators of the *Pariſians*, the *Caen* people had broken open the priſons and releaſed the priſoners, among whom were ſeveral *Engliſh* ſmugglers; a ſort of gentry they did not much fancy, which was told them when they were releaſed, but at the ſame time, that as the ſetting priſons open was general, particular ſeverity would not be ſhewn againſt them on ſuch an occaſion.

I muſt now conclude for the preſent.

LETTER

LETTER III.

AFTER dinner we walked into the citadel; it was but a ſhort diſtance from the hotel, up a narrow hilly ſtreet thronged with women.

The Bourgeoiſie were formed into many bodies of various numbers, and variouſly occupied; the great and moſt irregular bulk of them was drawn towards a magazine, a low building on the upper part of the rampart, where poſſeſſion had been obtained, and three or four

perſons

perſons from the roof were diſtributing cartridges to the croud, who as they were thrown out, catched them in their hats ſtuck on their bayonets, or ſcrambled for them on the ground.

I was very deſirous of attending particularly to this part of the *armament* of *Caen*, and ſtaid to obſerve it; my friends went on: by the manner of their falling, the cartridges had balls in them: and flints or no flints, (for, the firelocks were for the moſt part without any) — they began to load; they were not inſenſible to this want of flints, for men were ſcrewing them into the

guns

guns in many places, both in the citadel and in the ſtreets.

A few yards from this magazine there was an 8 pounder braſs field piece mounted on a travelling carriage; this was the only gun I ſaw in a ſtate for ſervice, but many others were laying about on the ground in different places; many centinels were placed from the Bourgeois troops at the different poſts; and at ſome of the principal ones, three or four men together; one of theſe a projecting tower, I walked into, and was looking over the walls, when a little old man in a great coat,

coat, who was under arms; and whoſe ſpirit of patriotiſm was a little augmented by liquor, would not let me paſs, but ſaid, *Monſi, il faut aller avec moi*;—I aſked him where to? he ſaid *a mon officer*;—*Eh bien!* ſaid I, *ou vous voudrez*; and he walked by me, very civilly however, with his firelock (without a flint) to a large body of men, who ſtared as if he had brought a ſpy; he marched up in due form to a very good looking man, one of the ſerjeants or ſerjeant majors I ſpoke of before, and ſtammered out, *Monſieur—ce Monſieur—ſe, promene:—fort bien*, ſaid his officer, and made

me

me a bow, *que Monſieur ſe promene*— and ſo I did, towards the place where the new ſally port was making; here there were two military centinels, and two Bourgeois centinels together, but they would not ſuffer me to paſs; in going down towards the gate, I ſaw the main guard of the military turning out before the barrack guard room; there were three files of twenty-four men each; when they had fallen into ranks, the ſerjeants ſaid, not as a word of command, but in an ordinary voice, *voyons, vos gargouſſes*, and walking along the line, took every man's cartridges from him,

him, who turned up and emptied his cartouch box into the ſerjeant's hat; they then ſtood eaſy;—being hot and tired, I walked home; and in about half an hour, the whole guard of ninety men, the centinels being called in, marched down the hill paſt our windows, with their knapſacks at their backs, to the parade in the town, and ſoon after into the barracks.

Thus ended the attack and ſurrender of the citadel of *Caen.*

Having refreſhed ourſelves, we went to the church of St. *Pierre*—

and

and up the tower of it as far as there were ſteps, or ladders,—from hence is an extenſive view of a rich and intereſting country;—in this tower are three or four very large bells,—one of which is never rung but in caſes of general alarm, ſuch as fire, or tumult;—it had been rung this morning when the outcry was, *aux armes.*—Looking down into the ſtreets, parties of from five or ſix men to one hundred were parading about. As we deſcended, a very ſtrong body was marching to take poſſeſſion of a powder magazine in the upper part of the town,—this was ſucceeded by a

long proceſſion of prieſts, &c. ſinging, with the funeral of a young woman.—Surely there never was ſuch a variety of ſounds and ſights heard and ſeen in one day!—A proclamation was ſtuck up at the churches and other places this afternoon, PAR MONSIEUR LE DUC D'HARCOURT—reciting ſomething of what had paſſed at *Paris*—the King's according with the wiſhes of his ſubjects, and exhorting the inhabitants of *Caen* to conduct themſelves peaceably and orderly:—It was abſurd enough that when I called at the bookſeller's who printed this, he would neither ſell nor give me

me one, ſaying; *Que c'etoit abſolument defendu.* I remember to have ſomewhere read of an edict prohibiting the clergy of *France* from the chace;—One to inforce their abſtaining from idleneſs might not be amiſs, for the *abbés* were lounging about in moſt places we ſaw;—and yet, what is ſingular enough—from our landing till this minute we have not ſeen one monk or friar. The higher parts of this town are formed of narrow and filthily dirty ſtreets, in which were many women and children making lace, and ſhops with handicraft trades;—the

great ſtreet had chiefly ſhops of ſale.

We could not ſee the *Hotel de Ville*, it being then in uſe for the meetings of the citizens.—On the outſide of it is in *Alto Relievo*—a large equeſtrian figure in ſtone; it ſeemed to have been a good one, but is much decayed;—upon aſking of whom it was, they anſwered as uſual;—*C'eſt de* Henri *Quatre*,—as perhaps it might. This city has a conſiderable manufactory for ſtockings;—beſides which, there are many things and places we wiſhed

to

to have ſeen, but our time is ſo ſhort, and our attention ſo diſtracted by the uncommonly extraordinary variety of incidents we have been witneſſes to, that the diligence I have uſed in collecting materials for this long letter for you, muſt atone for the incoherence with which what we have ſeen is deſcribed.

My materials are now exhauſted, and ſo is my patience ;—and you will perhaps ſay, ſo is mine.

Adieu.

Caen, 21ſt July, 1789.

LETTER IV.

IN acknowledgment for many excellent leſſons you have given me as to travelling—take this from me as to Normandy, this part of it at leaſt. Do not flatter yourſelf to run with expedition, if you have not a carriage with you, for if you have not you muſt take up with the jog trot of *Chevaux de Louage*, and be two days in going from *Caen* to *Cherbourg*, as we have been: about ninety *Engliſh* miles by

by the reckoning of our *voiturier*, although but thirteen poſts or about ſixty-five miles actually.

Always deſirous to take time by the forelock, I wiſhed to have ſet out at four in the morning;—one wrangled for ſix, the other acquieſced, and of courſe it went againſt me, and by ſeven we were off.—At ſome diſtance from *Caen* is a large inn where the King of *France* dined on his way to *Cherburgh*; here did I diſcover that I had left in our grand *ſalle a manger*, the ſecond vol. of my *Hiſtoire de France*—a ſet of ſeven vols. ſpoiled; and at that very, very

inſtant, that very volume was moſt neceſſary to us,—including C and D—viz. *Caen*, *Carentan*, and CHERBOURG; if you ever publiſh theſe, my letters, leave not out this paragraph, but let it be inſerted in capitals, as a warning to all future travellers, young ones eſpecially; that of all things they may leave behind them, they do not leave that they may moſt immediately need.

On the road to *Bretteville*, which is very pleaſant, and variegated, we ſaw ſeveral ſmart young women on little horſes, and ſome on aſſes, well equipped with ſide ſaddles, and

decent

decent ſervants attending them, but the ladies were riding without hats —paraſols in their hands—*c'etoit vraiment ſe promener a cheval.*

From hence to *Bayeux* the country is flat, and has but few trees;—it is a ſea-ſide country quite.

Bayeux * is a large old city, in which we were to ſtay two hours to breakfaſt, and ſee what we could ſee.

It had ſeventeen pariſhes, but three are now united; it is ſo near

* Two leagues from the ſea; ſix from *Caen*; twenty-four from *Rouen*; and ſixty from *Paris*.

the

the ſea, and communicates ſo eaſily with it, that it was becoming a place of great trade, from the active induſtry of the inhabitants; which being excited and encouraged by a *Monſieur Chamillard*, formerly intendant of the province, they eſtabliſhed manufacturies of cloth, ſerge, and ſtockings, which ſucceeded and throve, ſo as that the ſerges rivalled thoſe of *England*; but partial taxes impoſed upon them, drove the manufacturers from their works, and they dwindled to their preſent inſignificance.

We went to the cathedral, which

is

s large, well built, and has three very fine ſteeples: *Dr. Ducarel's* pamphlet was in my hand; he ſays, "The cathedral here has "pointed arches;" but I ſay, that the arches in the middle iſle are broad *Norman* arches; many of the pillars are *Tuſcan*, and the capitals *Corinthian*: ſome of the pillars in the chapels, particularly thoſe of St. *Thomas* and St. *Nicholas*, are lofty, ſlender, and beautiful in the extreme.

Dr. *Ducarel* ſays "he did not "ſee one monument or epitaph in "the church."—There is one, on the

the left of the great altar, to *Peter Bernier*, *Canonicus de Caſtillione*, dated 23d of *November*, 1635—with a Latin inſcription, of his virtues and great qualities, too long for me now to copy. There was alſo another in the chapel of St. *Sebaſtian* upon a braſs plate, engraved, with figures and coats of arms, too much obliterated, however, to be diſtinguiſhed. On ſeveral ſtones alſo, are appearances of braſs plates having formerly been; but ſince taken away. The famous piece of hiſtorical tapeſtry relative to the expedition of *William* the Conqueror, and the ſteps previous

vious to it, is a moſt extraordinary work, and ſtill in good preſervation; we examined it as minutely as our time would permit,—this, to ſatisfy our own curioſity, but for a deſcription at large, ſee Dr. *Ducarel's* account, in his folio publication, or *Montfaucon*, from whom he acknowledges to have taken it in a great degree.

I wiſhed much to have ſeen the *relique*, called the *Chaſuble de St. Regnobert*, and its curious ivory box, taken by *Charles Martel* from the *Saracens* —Of which there is a long ſtory—but the key was not at hand.

From

From *Bayeux* we went to *Vaucelles*, where is a decent ſtone bridge over the *Saule*; hereabouts the country is rich, beautiful and woody, as the fineſt parts of *England*; with large thick hedge rows, in which are very many trees, elms, apple-trees and Lombardy poplars.—We paſſed many villages and farm-houſes, having large orchards and good gardens, particularly *Tour*, about one league and a half from *Bayeux*, ſtands delightfully in a fine valley, where are many gentlemens houſes with avenues and groves of lofty trees; and here the lands are ſeparated by thick high hedges or

by

by ſtrong banks with deep double ditches. This kind of country continues as far as *Moſles*, having paſſed which I grew drowſy and fell aſleep, as my companions had done on quitting *Bayeux*:—on awaking, how the ſcene was changed; the *Sun* was darkly clouded over, a ſtrong wind blew and a heavy rain was falling;—the proſpect before us was the dreary marſhes on the borders of an arm of the ſea which runs up to *Iſigny*, where we were to croſs; the paſſage is about a quarter of a mile over, and if attempted without a guide, perdition is next to inevitable, for in the courſe of twenty or

thirty

thirty yards our guide tacked (as a ſailor would ſay) ſeven or eight times; I aſked the poſtillion why he did ſo, *Si non Monſi*, ſaid he, *nous ſerons abimés*;—the current is very rapid, and the water ſo deep as to come into the chaiſe;—I could not but think of *Gramont's* ſtory to *Charles* II. of the valet and the *ſables mouvantes*, ſerious as our preſent ſituation was; we got ſafe over however ourſelves; but on looking back for a ſmall waggon with three horſes which had followed us; it was *abimé* as the man ſaid, for it was upſet, and the horſes could not move it, but

but luckily the water was not deep enough to waſh it away.

We had a wet and diſagreeable two hours to *Carentan*, a long, ſtraggling dirty place; the road runs through the fort or citadel, thought to have been originally built by *Cæſar*. The place is reckoned unhealthy from ſituation, in a flat country with ſtagnant waters all around it, by which and the river *Taule*, it may be flooded at pleaſure, by means of ſluices; ſaid to be curious, but we did not ſee them, for the rain was ſo downright, we were glad to ſtay at home all the evening by the

 ſire-ſide.

fire-ſide. In the houſe the people of the town were aſſembled at a ſort of concert, in celebration of the *Tiers Etats*; I went down ſtairs to make ſome enquiries, and met with a very old, ſenſible, gentleman-like man; I talked to him of the unſettled ſtate of their national affairs;—he ſaid he yet hoped before he died to ſee *France* nearer in it's conſtitution, if not equal to that of *England*, where, he underſtood, that the people knew the rate and meaning of a tax, and by whom it was laid on. But that in their part of *France*, certain collectors demanded certain ſums of money, ſaid to be for ſuch and ſuch impoſts;

poſts;—but that the generality of the people, however diſſatisfied, found it better to ſubmit, than after an unavailing remonſtrance, attempt a farther appeal.

This was the purport of about a quarter of an hour's converſation.

Next morning at St. *Mere Egliſe* we could get nothing for breakfaſt but bread and milk; at *Honfleur* we had had an example of popular prejudices, here we had another; for on the wall was a large ordinary wooden print in two parts, with a variety of uncouth figures of ſoldiers; one was, *Malbrouk pourſuit par les*

Troupes Francaiſſes apres avoir perdu la battaille de Malplaquet, ſe ſauve en Angleterre. The other, *M. de Villars, Marechal de France pourſuit Malbrouk apres la bataille de Malplaquet en* 1707. This ridiculous thing diverted us the more, as the poor people here were as confident of *Malbrouk*'s having ran away, as thoſe at *Honfleur* that the buſt of the hero in the great wig was *Henri Quatre.* I aſked about that matter of *Malbrouk* twice or thrice in the courſe of the day, and found the opinion of his defeat very general with the ordinary people;—The road to *Valogne* is good, but very hilly; they are adopting here, the mode by which the road

road to Dover has been ſo much levelled and improved. They have cut away many feet in depth, in ſundry places, and filled the valley with the ſtone and ſoil they have cut away from the hill, ſo that in many places the road is a very great heighth above the level of the lands on each ſide of it. In two or three of the vales this produced a very pictureſque effect. Thro' the whole journey we obſerved that there very rarely indeed were any croſs roads, the communication therefore between the different parts of the croſs country muſt be thro' the fields, which have everywhere very high and heavy gates into the great road.

VA-

VALOGNE is well ſituated though low in a vale; three or four rivulets run through it, which in the drieſt ſummers, are not exhauſted; early in this century the place began to decline, the inhabitants forſaking it, on account of the heavy taxes, and impoſts laid on them, (as well as on the people of Bayeux) and the quartering upon them more troops than they could ſuſtain; but the Father *Le Tellier*, confeſſor of *Louis* XIV. being related to ſome of the principal families of *Valogne*, induced that Monarch in 1705 to ſubſtitute a tarif, moderating and modifying the former taxes; and which tarif being more

more generally equal in it's operation, was leſs oppreſſive, and yet in the event more productive to the revenue.

Relieved by this truly wiſe and ſalutary meaſure, *Valogne* recovered it's priſtine flouriſhing ſtate, and became the reſort of many wealthy and noble families, by whom ſplendid hotels and ſpacious ſtreets were built, from the timber of the neighbouring foreſts and the ſtupendous quarries of *Yvetot*; the ſtone of which is very hard, and of a fine grain.

Valogne has now about twelve thouſand inhabitants, and were I to retire to *Normandy*, it ſhould be to this place, from what I ſaw of it's ſituation, the deſcriptions of it's ſociety, and a variety of other inducements, that impreſs me with a marked predilection. There was a great number of troops in the place but no inſurrection of the people; every thing ſeemed in a ſtate of order and tranquility. *François*, the landlord of the hotel *Grand Ture*, is one of the moſt alert and intelligent fellows I have ever ſeen: had we met with him at an earlier ſtage of our journey, we had ſaved ſome

pence,

pence, and proceeded much more expeditiouſly and to our ſatisfaction than we did: but do not let us complain;—he had been in the huſſars in *Germany* in the war of 1756, and was at the battle of *Minden*, of which he gave us a moſt voluble account, highly indeed to the honor of lord *Granby*, which awakened in me the ſenſations of gratitude, reſpect, and affection, with which his memory is ever accompanied.

The odd and arch turn with which he acknowledged the obligations of *France* to lord G. G. for his conduct that day, had a caſt of humor

humor in it quite original,—and diverting enough.

He had the honor to be one of the guard that had the care of the palace at *Hanover*; this he ſaid in a very civil reſpectful manner, or elſe, when he went on to ſay he had alſo been at *Zell*, I ſhould certainly have aſked him if he was one of thoſe who ſet fire to the hoſpital, and threw the poor children out of the windows; but no part of his narrative merited ſuch a retort, horrible as the conduct of the *French* on that occaſion was.

If

If in your tour of this autumn you go this way;—get here as ſoon as you can from *Cherbourg*, and you will find your account in ſo doing. We had an excellent dinner and a good bottle of *Burgundy* after it, and I expected a long bill; we aſked for it, and he ſaid *Point de Memoire, Meſſrs. Quatre livres chaque pour le diner, trois livres pour le vin. C'a fait quinze ſous—Voila le tout: & ce quil vous plaira pour le Garçon.*

We viſited a *Convent* of *Cordeliers*, the way to which was through meadows well watered by a fine broad running water, with pleaſant houſes

houſes on the farther ſide, and ſeveral mills, working with the ſtream, formed a delightful proſpect. This *Convent* had a good and ſpacious library, which two of the reverend brethren ſhewed us with great courteſy: the houſe is upon the whole a good one, but the church but an indifferent building, with no objects of any note in it.

From hence we went to a convent for *Benedictine* nuns,—we ſaw the chapel, which had nothing very very remarkable to attract our notice.—The Reverend Father who accompanied us was a man of an inte-

intereſting appearance and manners; he told us the inſtitution was much on the decline—that the revenues were ſcarcely equal to the expences: to obviate which, the nuns reſorted to their induſtry;—that the clothes, the linen, the ſhoes, the bread, the candles, and every other article that could poſſibly be made for the conſumption of the ſociety were all made by the nuns within the houſe:—one of the domeſtics ſhewed us ſome of the works of the nuns, ſuch as work bags, pocket books, &c.—We bought as many as we could conveniently carry;—but it would be the height of injuſtice to many

of

of our fair friends in *England*, if we did not ſay that very many of their performances in tambour and other works far ſurpaſſed any thing we ſaw here.

Every town we paſſed through has of courſe its hiſtory and antiquities;—it will be impoſſible to enumerate all the particulars of even the little we could ſee on ſo poſt haſte an inſpection;—the very *Memorabilia* only muſt therefore ſuffice, and for particulars at large, I refer you to the authors who have written deſcriptions of *Normandy*—or have treated of its hiſtory; for which

which there is ample matter both uſeful and curious, and worthy particularly of the attention of *Engliſhmen*, whoſe language and laws have originally been nearly connected with, and in a great degree derived from, thoſe of this country; and many of whoſe noble families proceed from *Norman* anceſtry.

We are now going our laſt ſtage in *France*, from hence to *Cherbourg*, and are told that it is a very hilly one, which piece of news does not ſuit our impatience to ſee this much talked of formidable place. The accounts we have already had

of

of it in *England* are ſo good that little of new is to be expected.—What occurs I will write you from *Weymouth*, or wherever we land in *England*.

I am, as ever,

Your's, &c.

Valogne, 23*d July*, 1789.

LET-

LETTER V.

IT has been generally ſaid, that the *French* firſt conceived the project of eſtabliſhing a harbour at *Cherbourg*, in conſequence of the deſtruction of part of their fleet off that place, after the battle of *La Hogue* in the glorious 1692; and this belief is not far from a right one; but it muſt not miſlead us to think that *Cherbourg* was not before that time of conſiderable note—*Froiſſart* ſpeaks of it as—*fort et noble*

lieu, lequel fonda premierement Jules Céſar quand il conquit Angleterre;—whence *Froiſſart* derives his authority I know not, but none at preſent occurs to me which mentions *Ceſar's* having ever been in this part of *Gaul*.—In 1378 it was delivered up to the *Engliſh* by the King of *Navarre*, and conſidered as a great acquiſition, the *Engliſh* by this means having as eaſy acceſs into *Normandy*, as they had into *Picardy* by means of *Calais*—during the time it remained in the hands of the indolent and inſignificant *Richard* II.—it proved of no benefit to this country, and was in a few years

years after reſtored to the King of *Navarre.*

Henry V. was beſieging it for three or four months before he could obtain poſſeſſion of it in 1418; nor can this be wondered at, as it's ſituation, before the uſe of cannon was general, muſt have been immenſely ſtrong;—Sir *Thomas Kiriel* landed here in 1450 with ſuccours for the Duke of *Somerſet*'s army, previous to the unfortunate defeat at *Fourmigny*, the loſs of which battle was followed by many ſucceſsful operations on the part of the *French*, and the ſurrender of *Cherbourg* to *Charles*

VII. after a conſiderable reſiſtance, compleated his re-conqueſt of *Normandy*; not one town after this, remaining in the hands of *Engliſh*.

What was the particular inducement of *Louis* XIV. to fortify this place, I do not immediately recollect, nor the reaſon of his ordering it to be diſmantled about the year 1688; the fortifications were however then deſtroyed, as likewiſe thoſe which had been erected at *Valogne)* but not ſo entirely, as to prevent ſome of the firſt rate ſhips, which ran into *Cherbourg* in 1692 from receiving protection from the ſtill exiſting

iſting batteries, under the fire of which they were hauled up among the rocks into ſhoal water, and on Sir *Ralph Delaval*'s coming up with our ſeventy and fifty gun ſhips, the latter, which ſtood in cloſeſt to the ſhore, were much annoyed by the ſhot, as it is termed, tho' I ſhould rather think they muſt have been ſhells, for one of our ſhips in attempting the *Soleil Royal*, was by them ſet on fire; and red hot ſhot was not then known.

After this defeat, the renewal of the fortifications, and the encloſing of the road became an ob-

ject of great conſideration with the government of *France*, and *Vauban* formed a project for this purpoſe, which however did not take place; it was ſimilar to that afterwards adopted, and partly carried into execution in the late King's time, under the adminiſtration of Cardinal *Fleury*: from *Iſle Pelée* a jetty was meant to ſtretch away for nearly a mile to the weſtward; and from *Point Hommet*, another jetty was to project for about three furlongs to the eaſtward: the entrance of the road was meant to be between the ends of theſe two jetties, and would have been about a mile in width,

defended

defended by ſtrong forts at the end of each *jettée:* this plan was a good one, and in my humble opinion, preferable to the one executing at preſent.

Having in this ſhort preface put my own recollection to its efforts, for the refreſhment of your's, I will give you as ſuccinct and plain an account of *Cherbourgh* in its preſent ſtate as I can, premiſing that the deſcription will proceed from recollection merely, for I did not think it prudent to make any memorandums whatſoever in writing, while on the ſpot, as it might have been

attended with danger in theſe turbulent times eſpecially.

On deſcending into *Cherbourg* from the mountains above it, the rock on either hand had ſprings of water almoſt innumerable, though none of them very large; they collect into the river *D'Yvette*, on the left hand ſide of the road; and this natural effect meets with conſiderable encouragement and aid from art in various parts of the deſcent: when you attain the more level ground, you find a ſluice of maſonry, which is ſo contrived as to collect the water from both ſides of

of the road, and conduct it to a reſervoir, where it remains in readineſs for ſuch ſervice as it may be required: the principal, if not the only one, is to ſcour the outer baſon, and at neap tides, to aſſiſt the exit of veſſels from it: of all places I ever ſaw, I think *Cherbourg* one of the very dirtieſt; an opinion formed on our driving through it's narrow filthy ſtreets, to the hotel we had been recommended to by the landlord at *Valogne*; but, which being filled with the members of an *adjudication*, who were come to receive propoſals for carrying on the works, and with thoſe who came

to

to attend them: we were glad to be received in a ſecond rate inn, where little except decent cleanlineſs was wanting.

Notwithſtanding our fatigue, we walked about the town, and even aſcended the mountain *la Roule* above it, the *Grande Place* was quite ſurrounded by a line, partly of the military and partly of the Bourgeois; the greater number of the latter very ordinary fellows, and ſo deſcending to the moſt abſolute refuſe imaginable. The news we had heard on the road, of a great riot having happened on the *Tueſday* preceding was

was very true, many of the wretches concerned in it were taken up, to the number of near two hundred, and were trying for their offences, which was the reaſon of the place being thus ſurrounded.

Our curioſity here was ſoon ſatisfied, and we walked away to the Convent of *Notre Dame du Voeu*, about a mile to the N W of the town; *W*—regretted here that we had not with us Mr. *Wraxall's* laſt tour, which he ſays gives a very good deſcription of the place; ſeveral centinels (all of military) were mounted here, who told us we could not enter

ter, the reaſon of which and of additional guards, as we afterwards learnt was, apprehenſions from the rioters, and that both the *Duc & Ducheſſe de Beuvron* were there, ill.

Between this place and the town is a very long pile of barracks for the reception of about two thouſand men, they are ſtrongly built of ſtone. Several new and broad ſtreets are building in this part of the town. On paſſing over the *Grande Place* again to the quay, in the croud I ſaw an *Engliſh* marine, a ſight I little expected; he told me he belonged to the *Narciſſus Frigate*, Captain *D'Auvergne*,

vergne, who had two or three days before come over from *Portſmouth*. We next went up the mountain which commands a view of the road, town and great part of the works; — the firſt appearance of the *Cones* did not come up to the idea I had conceived of them; at that diſtance they looked but like ſo many tubs on a graſs plat, and by no means adequate to the vaſtneſs of the object they were meant to effect. Spring tides flowing when we were there, at high water the *Cones* were but barely viſible above the water's edge; and beautiful and accurate as was our view, it was of ſo little infor-

information farther than as a good plan, that we did not continue long on the hill; at the very top of which is a little place incloſed with a ſtone wall breaſt high, where formerly had been a hermitage, and on a ſtone in the wall was a long inſcription relative to three or four perſons who had many years reſided there as hermits—this had ſeveral words ſpelt in the uncouth way, in which I have endeavoured to give you ſome idea of the pronunciation of the *Normans*, whoſe *French* is bad indeed;—their aſſent is ſignified by "*Wha, Monzi*—their negative by *Na-ni Monzi*; if you aſk if they have ſuch or ſuch a thing,

thing, and they have it; the reply is, *Wha Monzi, J'en avons*; and they uſe in other reſpects as well as this, the firſt perſon plural for the firſt perſon ſingular.—The language of many of the very ordinary people is next to unintelligible.

On *Friday* morning we waited on *Monſ. de la Brettonniere*, the Commandant of the marine department. He received us with great politeneſs and ſaid that we were at liberty to ſee every thing going on upon the water; that the *Cones* already ſunk were about to be cut down, that the forts were not in his department, and

that

that he would not recommend to us to make any application to ſee them, as we ſhould certainly meet with a refuſal; ſpoke of the confuſed ſtate in which things were at preſent; and ſaid very handſomely, that he wiſhed our arrival had been at a time leſs embarraſſing to them, as it could certainly have been rendered more agreeable to us. As we waited upon him without any introduction, and merely from a point of reſpect, we were well ſatisfied with our reception, and took our leave, to ſtroll about. In his drawing room there was a portrait of the King of *France* in a ſplendid gilt frame, with a ſcroll expreſſing

expreſſing it to have been a preſent from his Majeſty. The picture was a very good one, and the countenance had more animation than is uſually given to the pictures of that Monarch; whoſe preſent ſituation muſt be deeply diſtreſſing, and the more ſo if it occurs to him that the ſuffering his Miniſters to give aſſiſtance to the Americans againſt a natural and lawful government, was inculcating to his own ſubjects thoſe leſſons, they are now ſo ſeverely exerciſing againſt himſelf—*Tu l'a voulu!*

The Sluice, I have already men-

 tioned

tioned, we ſaw again; it is a very extenſive piece of excellent maſonry, your plan gives you the dimenſions accurately enough by the ſcale, and with reſpect to dimenſions in general, the plan is ſufficient for purpoſes of curioſity; and where your's is deficient, it's defects will be amply ſupplied by the one I bought at a bookſeller's in *Cherbourg*, and which, you will be pleaſed to ſee, as it is a very fine one. I walked up and down the ruins of the old *Mole*, deſtroyed in 1758; the very reliques of it are not without their uſe; but we were abſolutely driven home by a heavy rain, and were confined

fined there by it the greater part of the day. In the evening however we got out for a little while by dint of boots, great coats and umbrellas to look over the houſes deſtroyed on *Tueſday*; one of which was a ſample more ſufficient than ſatisfactory; a more abſolute ſhell of a houſe could not be ſeen; every window was broken, all the furniture deſtroyed; the marble chimnies battered to pieces, as alſo the baluſtrades of the ſtairs, the rooms ſtripped of the hangings, the large library, of the book ſhelves—and the feathers of the ripped-up beds trodden under foot.

Military centinels were ſtationed at theſe houſes—at the firſt houſe we ſaw them; we did not viſit a ſecond.

Early on *Saturday* morning we went to *Becquet D'Enville*, about three miles and a half to the eaſtward of *Cherbourg*; from this place there are about two hundred veſſels of from twenty to ſixty tons, called the *Chaſſe Marées*, employed in carrying out ſtone. On the hill above the village ſtands a large range of barracks, that will contain about fifteen hundred men; theſe are employed on the rocks in digging or in blowing out ſtone which

which is done to the daily amount of two thouſand tons:— between the hill and the ſhore is a large open ſpace of ground to be formed hereafter into an eſplanade, but uſed at preſent as a depôt for the ſtone, which being from day to day blown or dug from the rock, exceeds the daily export, to the *Digue* at ſea, attended as it muſt be by accidental delays of wind, of tide, &c. to which it cannot but be liable. When, however, circumſtances of wind, tide, and weather, favor the ſea work, the veſſels are all alert, and preſently diſpoſe of this large accumulation of ſtone.

There is a baſon of twenty feet deep at high water; the original conſtruction of it was ſuch, as to permit veſſels to load on the outſide as well as the inſide of the bank or pier, which forms this baſon; this pier is about fifty *toiſes* broad, and had toward the ſea, a wall which roſe on the outſide of the pier, as we were told, near twelve feet in height; this wall was formed in part of looſe ſtones, piled as fences are made in many places in *England*, in very regular order, but without any cement to hold them together; the conſequence of this was, that the ſtorm of *January*, 1788,

1788, demoliſhed and carried away this wall, beſides doing other very conſiderable damage to the works; a part of the wall in one lump yet remains; cement having been tried in the conſtruction of it, but being cemented only within itſelf, and not connected with the main body otherwiſe than as one vaſtly larger ſtone; this maſs was alſo waſhed away, and remains till beaten to pieces, which is likely to be a work of great labor; a proof of the ſtrength of the cement, and the power of the ſea. The ſolid part of the pier ſtood and ſtands unſhaken; whether ſome ſtill greater

ſhock of ſtorm may not carry the whole away, muſt remain for the deciſion of time on the attempts of the weather; both of them are of ſtrong influence, and I ſhould not be willing to doubt of the final conſequence.

From *Becquet* we ſailed on the outgoing tide, in a good ſtrong boat, towards *Fort Royal*,—more menacing in appearance than any thing I have ever ſeen; it has three tiers of guns (forty-eight pounders as we were told) and reſembles a huge ſhip of ſtone, with port-holes alſo like thoſe of a ſhip ſhut in; and as well

as

as we could perceive, covered with copper: having ſtood in cloſe along this ſtupendous ſtructure, we made away for the firſt cone, and paſſed it; the ſecond is the one upon which the King of *France* ſtationed himſelf to ſee a cone launched and ſunk; the cone on which he ſtood, the ſea and weather has deſtroyed: by the time we were near to it, the tide had fallen, and the wreck of it looked ſhocking; and not leſs ſo for the huge broken ruins of the floor of cement with which it had been covered; on one piece of which remained unbroken, the inſcription relative to the King's viſit, and the purport

purport of it: *W*— wiſhed to have ſtopped to have inſpected it, but the tide ran ſo violently, we found it would be too great a loſs of time.

We paſſed the third, the tide running ſo hard, the men had much ado to make head againſt it; we got in between the third and fourth, ſounding our way, leſt we ſhould ſtrike upon the *Digue* between: we had, however, three or four feet water upon the whole,—but we could plainly ſee the *Digue* at bottom, and diſcern that it was overgrown with weed, glutinous and thriving; and looked of a ſort of conſiſtence,

conſiſtence, that to us *Engliſhmen*, was a threat of durability. We hauled in upon the fourth, and mounted it by the ladder on the ſide: ſtones had either been thrown out, or elſe it never had been filled; for about eight or nine feet from the top was a void ſpace: the workmen who were to cut it down, were ſitting upon the rugged ſtones at their miſerable dinner; *W*— walked round the edge of the cone; but the heighth from the water, and the rapidity of the current, were too much for *C*— and me to look upon, without our heads turning giddy; we therefore contented our-

ſelves

ſelves with ſitting on the ſide by the ladder: this machine is certainly a prodigious one; and conſidering it as the inſtrument of an attempt to combat and control one of the uniform and ſteady operations of nature, it impreſſed me now with a very different idea, than when I firſt ſaw the Cones from the hill.

Of thoſe that have been ſunk: the eight next to *Iſle Pelée* have been leaſt affected by the ſea, and may be ſaid to have almoſt entirely reſiſted it, the ſecond one excepted; and that even in its fallen ſtate, is not without conſiderable effect in repelling

ling the force of the waves: but, however, they might have at length anſwered the wiſhed for purpoſe, had the *French* perſevered in ſinking new ones, in the place of ſuch as might from time to time have been deſtroyed: the intention of forming a harbour by their means, is now entirely relinquiſhed; thoſe remaining are cutting down; and if a harbour is effected at all, it is to be by the *digue* or bank which is carrying on acroſs what was meant to have been the middle channel; and to the weſtward as far as within one thouſand and ſixty-ſix yards of *Querqueville* point, which

will

will leave a ſecond entrance equal with the firſt, between *Iſle Pelée* and the eaſtermoſt cone.

You have thus a general deſcription of the preſent ſtate of *Cherbourg* and its works; and may expect a more minute one upon our talking over the plan in town.

We had hired a boat of not more than twelve tons, to carry us to this place; and about three o'clock we went aboard her, near the two ſeventy-four gun ſhips which lay in the harbour: we dined, and were wiſhing to be under way; but the

tide

tide not ebbing till near nine o'clock, it gave me time to gratify my inclination of ſeeing *Cherbourg* to the lateſt minute poſſible; I therefore went aſhore in the ſkiff, and walked once more over the town.

The ſame tumultuous diſpoſition ſtill ſhewed itſelf; the populace were aſſembled as before; few only of them had fire-arms, the reſt were armed with ſhort pikes, axes, pole-axes, common hatchets, ſwords of a dozen different ſorts; and various other weapons; in ſhort, every thing that a man could ſnatch up. It is hardly credible to any

one

one who has ever ſeen the *French* military, that a body of *French* ſoldiers ſhould have marching by their ſides a body of Bourgeois of all ſorts and ſizes, and armed as above mentioned; yet ſo it was; thus they were marſhalled, and thus they marched, *haud paſſibus equis*, however, as you may imagine.

In our bill at the Hotel at *Cherbourg*, they charged three *livres* ſix *ſous*, or two ſhillings and ninepence for cyder and bread together—in the ſame way as our inns charge bread and beer;—we may be ſaid to have been there but two days, and

and on *Friday* had three people to dine with us;—at *Caen* and at *Valogne* as we paid by the head, no charge was made for bread—that at *Cherbourg* was but coarſe and ordinary, but the houſe was a bad one—at every place elſe it was remarkably good. And ſo was that ſupplied us for our ſea-ſtock, by an *Engliſh* houſe we found out on *Friday*—we had two loaves, for which nine-pence only was charged in the man's bill.—On *Friday* night late I went through the rain to a book-ſellers,—they were printing off the incloſed, * on ſheets to be ſent to

* See Appendix.

the neighbouring villages, againſt *Sunday*, to be then read in the churches. You ſee by it that bread was meant to be ſold at two *ſols* and a half a pound—the *Hotel de Ville* to indemnify the baker for his loſs—what that indemnification was, (if really any) we could not know;—it is evident, however, that bread there was, and as much as might be called for, the quantity to be ſold not being limited; had a limitation been, it would have proved the want to ſome certain degree—but not being mentioned, it proves, I think, that the want did not exiſt.

The

The liquor of moſt general conſumption is cyder;—in ſome places we found very good, but it is for the moſt part ſo weak, that (once more to quote Dr. *Ducarel)* "you "run in danger of the cholic by "drinking it."* Beer is to be had, and good; and brew-houſes are eſtabliſhing—*White* has one at *Havre*, and another man of the ſame name from *Hampſhire* has one at *Cherbourg*;—as the barley is good, they might ſucceed, could

Page 30 of the quarto edition, 1754.

they find a ſubſtitute for hops, of which they have none, and cannot get them eaſily from *England*.

Their cows are larger than the *Alderney*, but leſs than ours; their oxen are fine, and are (as in parts of *England*) worked in teams—the ſheep fine, and what is remarkable have very long tails; thoſe of ſome trailed on the ground.

A few words more will conclude this long epiſtle, but I cannot cloſe it, without doing the juſtice to the *French*, to ſay that the works at *Cher-*

Cherbourg ſhew an enlargement of mind that does them the very higheſt honour as a nation and as men.—The conception is vaſt and grand; and if it be conſidered that it is highly improbable, if not even impoſſible, that the full force and effect propoſed from the work, ſhould reſult in the time of the preſent generation of men—there is an independance, a magnanimity, a genuine ſpirit of patriotiſm in the undertaking, which a nation, and a great nation only is capable of: for the expence is boundleſs, the labour prodigious; ſcarce a day paſſes but one life is loſt, and ſeveral men are maimed in blowing

ing up the rocks—yet neither theſe, nor many other impediments that might be enumerated, allay their alacrity or hitherto abate their perſeverance—yet farther, if you aik any man there, whether he expects to live to ſee it completed; I think, he would anſwer, No.—Every labour and expence, vaſt as they both are, is therefore endured by the men of the preſent day, who indeed will have the honour of the work, but poſterity alone will reap the benefit.

Conſidered on the other hand, as a work hoſtile to *England*—much as I revere their ſpirit of patriotiſm,

I am

I am actuated by my own, to wiſh devoutly that NATURE may counteract the efforts of ART—and teach them the futility of the motto aſſumed on the occaſion, *Ars vinciens Naturam.*

27th July, 1789.

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APPENDIX.

A Cherbourg ce 25 Juliet 1789.

MM. Les Officiers Municipaux de la Ville de Cherbourg vous prient, Monsieur, d'annoncer au Prône de votre Paroiſſe, que l'allarme, qu'a donné en ce lieu l'effervescence d'une troupe de Bandits arrêtés, eſt entierement diſſipée; que l'ordre eſt parfaitement rétabli & que jamais le repos public ne fut plus aſſuré. La criſe où la Ville s'eſt trouvée, le cri des malheureux a touché l'Hôtel-de-Ville qui, pour prévenir tout excès & adoucir le ſort de ſes Pauvres, s'eſt décidee à faire des ſacrifices; elle a en conſéquence fixé du pain à 2 *ſols & demi la livre* pour les néceſſiteux, en s'obligeant de payer aux Boulangers un ſupplément qui les mette au pair du prix du bled. Cette Police a pu être mal interprétée des Habitans de la Campagne & pourroit nuire à l'approviſionnement du

du marché. Assurez, nous vous en prions, vos Paroissiens, que cela ne gêne en rien le prix des grains qui seront toujours vendus au prix courant.

Nous avons l'honneur d'être

MONSIEUR

Vos très-humbles

& très-obéissans Serviteurs,

les Officiers Municipaux

de la Ville de Cherbourg.

DE FONTENELLE POSTEL, PICOT, Prêtre, Le Chev. DE GASSE, MARION DE LA MARTINIERE, COUEY DULONGPREY, GROULT DESFONTAINES, le jeune

Par MM. les Officiers Municipaux

CABART, Sécretaire Greffier.

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